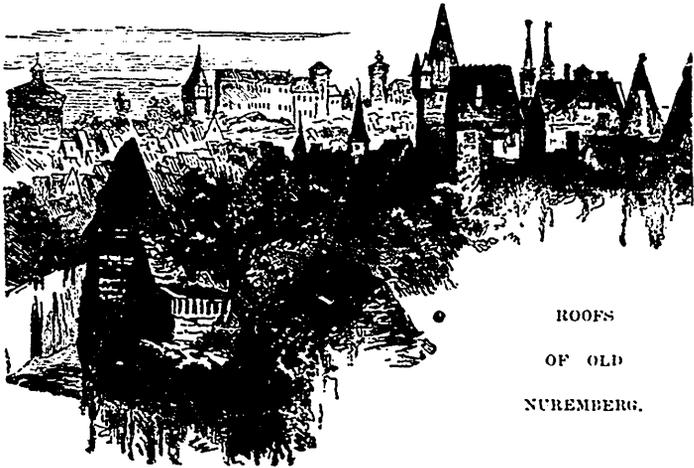


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ALBERT DÜRER.

BY DR. WILHELM LÜBKE.



ROOFS
OF OLD
NUREMBERG.

Albert Durer need fear comparison with no master in the world, not even with Raphael or Michael Angelo, so far as inborn artistic ability is concerned. Yet, in all that concerns the peculiar means of expression in art, the clothing of the thought in the vestment of glorified beauty of form, he is so closely fettered by the narrow limitations of his native surroundings, that he seldom rises to that height of art where thought and form find equal expression.

Durer is rightfully the darling and the pride of the German people; but we should not allow ourselves to forget, that, being the highest expression of our excellencies and virtues, he is at the same time the representative of

our weaknesses and deficiencies. Blind idolatry is never seemly, least of all in connection with so genuinely true, so severe, a master. We are not permitted to hurry over the austere, rugged externalities of his style either with indifference or pretended rapture. It is difficult to rightly estimate his worth; but, when we earnestly seek to understand him, then we learn to love him best.

Durer has sounded the depths of reality in all its manifestations as few other masters have. His knowledge of the human organism, his observation of the life of nature in every aspect, are as astonishing for accuracy as the wealth of his ideas appears to be inexhaustible, the strength of his imagination unlimited. But he